

JEAN ELIOT'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CAPITAL SOCIETY

Society Still Shows Interest In Nomination

AFTER three weary days of watching bulletin boards Washington went to bed Monday night, or rather in the wee sma' hours of Tuesday morning—wondering in a distinctly petulant state of mind if "that San Francisco convention was ever going to get anywhere!" And it woke up Tuesday to find that while it slept, the convention had landed with both feet, and most unexpectedly. And by evening when the ticket was complete, it was realized that it was one which would make things decidedly interesting for the G. O. P. There were bets on immediately that Senator Harding would not campaign peacefully from his front porch in Marion, as per his announced intention. And, of course, every one was trying to remember what they knew of the Coxes. Which after all, was very little.

There was smiling comment that there was at least one man of the present Administration's family who was likely to be popular with Cox, and should the Democrats win the election, would probably remain in the cabinet if he cared to. And that John Barton Payne, Secretary of the Interior, for it was at Judge Payne's country place near Chicago, that James Middleton Cox, then Governor of Ohio, married Miss Margaretta Blair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Blair, of Chicago, in the fall of 1917. It was a garden party wedding, every pretty one, from all accounts, and attended by many prominent social and official.

Strangely enough the only person I ran into who could satisfy my curiosity concerning Mrs. Cox was a clever woman who is connected with the G. O. P. publicity department, who said she had known Margaretta Blair well in Chicago, and assured me that she was "really a delightful girl"—good looking, and clever, a college bred and an athletic, outdoor woman, but well read and cultivated to a degree. The Thomas Blair's, she said, were "north siders, and while they were probably related to the others (Chase's, and Montgomery's, who are notably wealthy and prominent socially), were not so well known either socially or financially. Mr. Blair is an engineering firm, a successful man and well thought of in his profession, well to do, until one considered him alongside of some others of his name in the windy city.

Mrs. Cox Younger Than Her Husband.

It seems the Coxes lost their first child, a little son named for his maternal grandfather, "Thomas," but they have a baby daughter born last November. Mrs. Cox is of course, a whole lot younger than her husband—"in fact, my dear, I shouldn't think she was any older than his daughter Helen." But checking up on that surmise, proved that Helen—now Mrs. Daniel Mahoney—is probably about five years her handsome young stepmother's junior—although the fact remains that if Cox should be elected, Mrs. Cox will be about the youngest mistress—with the possible exception of Mrs. Grover Cleveland—the White House has ever had.

Helen, whom Washington knows



MISS ROSE BULLARD, Daughter of Lieut. Gen. and Mrs. Robert L. Bullard, Who Has Just Returned to Washington After Visiting Commander and Mrs. C. J. Greene at Annapolis.

quite well, is the oldest of Governor Cox's children, and she married about five years ago Daniel Mahoney, associated with her father on the Dayton News. The other two children of his first marriage are boys, Jim, Jr., about eighteen, and a student at Culver, and John, about eleven.

You know that Cox himself did not go out to the convention—said it was not dignified for an avowed candidate to be on the floor drumming up votes. But his daughter Helen was there, camouflaged as a reporter. At least, she sat in the press gallery row, an attractive, blue-eyed young person in a simple one-piece dress of dark blue, with fillet collar and cuffs—the sort of simplicity that comes high, you observe—and a big floppy orange-colored hat. That's the way she's described in the one worthwhile letters I've had from the San Francisco convention. Also, I am assured that she disclaimed any intention of being the daughter of the White House, or anything like that, saying that she had her hands quite full being her husband's wife, and she liked the job pretty well at that. You know Genevieve Clark was out there, too—also in the press seats—as was Mrs. James Thomson, wife of one of the proprietors of the New Orleans Item. They must both have mediated occasionally on how times

had changed, since the Baltimore convention, when it was Genevieve's father who was the leading candidate up to almost the very last, and Helen Cox was the sympathetic interested friend. Genevieve, by the way, celebrated the fifth anniversary of her marriage during the week of the convention—had a big reception, they tell me, in honor of it, where everybody went and talked politics and reminisced, and had a wonderful time. The Thomsons, and Bennett Clark, who was also among those present out there, should be at "Honeyshuck," the Clark home at Bowling Green, Mo., by now, as they planned to have a sort of family reunion there on their way home from the convention. Bennett is now practicing law in St. Louis, I believe.

Roosevelt Nomination Interested Capital.

Of course, the nomination of Franklin Roosevelt for the Vice Presidency comes a little closer home to Washington than the Cox nomination. For the Roosevelts have been part of Washington's official society for the last seven years and more. Mr. Roosevelt was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy within one month of President Wilson's inauguration in March, 1913, and got on the job very promptly. In fact, they had been fairly well known—at least, Mrs.



(Above) MRS. WALTER R. TUCKERMAN, With Her Bevy of Pretty Little Daughters, Laura, Elsie, Ruth, and Alice Noel. They Will Spend the Summer at Southampton, L. I.



(Below) MRS. RALPH H. HALLETT, Wife of Colonel Hallett, Who Has Just Returned From a Trip to Canada. While Colonel Hallett Was on Duty on the French Front, She Did Red Cross Work Here.

Roosevelt had—in Washington before that. For, you know, she was a Roosevelt—T. R.'s niece, daughter of his brother, Elliott Roosevelt—before her marriage to a distant cousin of the same name. And she was an occasional visitor at the White House during the Roosevelt regime. Also, she was an occasional visitor at Senator Keane's house, at Seventeenth and I streets—the late Senator Keane of New Jersey, I mean—and his sisters, who ran the house for him, they also being family connections of hers—through her mother, I believe.

In fact, the Roosevelts have all sorts of connections. He is a Delano as well as a Roosevelt, his mother a sister of Frederic H. Delano, former head of the Reserve Board, and of Mrs. Price Collier, of New York and Tuxedo. You may remember that he functioned as the nearest male relative at Sarah Price Collier's wedding, a year and a half ago—Lieutenant Edgewood Gordon, of the British war mission—and gave the bride away, and the next day sailed for the other side on an important official mission.

Mrs. Roosevelt is one of those women who, while she is absolutely at ease in the frilliest of social frills—she was born to them—yet finds them rather unimportant in her scheme of life. She has her husband, and her home, and her five children, the eldest a schoolgirl daughter with several years to go before she gets even into the sub-deb class, and she has her own circle of warm personal friends. She is—well, as one of her friends put it, "She is too much a Roosevelt to be beautiful, but she's pure gold." Which seems to be the general verdict of all who know her. I know of few women who are so universally esteemed by their acquaintances as Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt.

She was up to her eyes in war work while the war was on—and for months afterward—concentrating, quite naturally, on "Naval Relief." She is vice president of the American Women's Legion and one of the organizers of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. When her husband was ordered abroad in January, 1919, before he had well recovered from an attack of influenza, which had run into pneumonia, contracted on a previous official trip, she was torn between her desire to go along and look after him, and her desire to stay at home and look after the children. Finally, in view of his state of health, she decided to go with him, leaving the younger children with Mrs. James Roosevelt—her husband's mother—and taking the elders with her. At present, she is at Hyde Park, Dutchess county, N. Y., their home place, and she will go soon to Maine for the summer.

Mrs. Roosevelt is essentially a home woman. She seems to particularly dislike the official limelight, and to resent the pitiless publicity given the private and personal affairs of people who are prominent in official life. Just how she'll ever endure the Vice Presidential status—it being generally regarded as an essential part of the Vice President's job to relieve the President of many of his social-official burdens—eating the President's dinner and doing a whole lot of his entertaining for him—remains to be seen. But, cheer up—maybe she won't have to.

MRS. GIBSON IS FETTERED WITH HER FIANCE.

Mrs. McMillan Gibson and her fiancé, Major Morris Ernest Locke,



MRS. CLEMENT EVANS DUNBAR, Who Is Visiting Yellowstone Park, Colorado Springs, and Other Interesting Places in the West on Her Way Back From San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar Took in the San Francisco Convention.

lege, and, as I told you last week, expects to buy a house in Washington.

Entertaining for another popular bride, Miss Abigail Harvey, whose engagement to Capt. Eugene Villaret was announced at the same time as Mrs. Gibson's, began last week when Commander Bennett, who is to be one of the ushers, gave a dinner for them at the Army and Navy Club. And now Miss Harvey and Captain Villaret are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Flather at Tulip Hill, their country place in Maryland, for the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. William Flammer—she was Miss Lucy Flather and is a particular chum of Miss Harvey—are also members of the little house party. However, most of the guests of parties for Miss Harvey and her fiancé will be crowded into the few days before the wedding, which is set for Saturday afternoon, as the bride party will be assembled then. The bridesmaids, Pamela Henry, Margaret Crosson, Elizabeth Claxton and Ruth Stiles, and the maid of honor, Davette Picklen, are all Washington girls, but some of the ushers are from out of town. Miss Crosson is giving a luncheon for the bride on Friday, and that evening Miss Picklen will entertain the wedding party at supper at Wardman Park Hotel.

Anohet wedding of this week in which Washington folk are keenly interested is Helen Taft's marriage to Prof. Frederick Johnson Manning, will take place on Thursday at Murray Bay, Canada, with Washington well represented among the guests.

WEEK MARKED BY SEVERAL PLEASANT PARTIES.

Although last week set no record for gaiety, there were a number of pleasant parties on the calendar. The Secretary of War and Mrs. Baker were the honor guests at perhaps the most interesting dinner of the week—one given by Brig. Gen. and Mrs. T. Q. Donaldson at the Chevy Chase Club on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Joseph Hampson also had a dinner that evening—Wednesday—entertaining for Miss Frances Hampson and Ensign Wilson Hampson, and Capt. Stuart Cramer gave a dinner at the club one evening later in the week.

The Secretary of War also shared honors with Mrs. Baker at the garden tea given for her by the Girl Scouts of the District at their picturesque Willow Tree Tea House in Potomac Park. An amusing and honorable horse car, treated to a coat of white and green paint and wreathed in vines, served as a kitchenette and from this appetizing dainties are served, the patrons being seated at small rustic tables under the trees. Great Japanese lanterns strung from the branches of the trees lend a further enchanting touch after nightfall, and the tea house, which is open both afternoon and evening, is proving a tremendously popular innovation. There is no drive in the environs of Washington so popular as the swing round the point in Potomac Park, as it is becoming quite "the thing" to top one's motor under the willows for a long cold drink or a plate of delicious ice cream, the Girl Scouts should make a goodly profit from their summer work and have sufficient funds to carry on their activities.

The tea on Thursday, however, was

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playing about overhead contributed to the charm of the scene.

Penwomen Open New Coffee House.

The League of American Penwomen also managed to bring together a representative assemblage for the formal opening of its engaging little coffee house, "The Hoot o' the Owl," on Tuesday. Mrs. William Atherton DuPuy, national president of the organization entertained guests at the tea hour. So did Mrs. Theodore Tiller and several other officers, and in the evening there were a number of after-the-theater parties. Notably Mrs. Dupuy had one with the members of the Shubert-Garrick Stock Company as guests.

The "Hoot o' the Owl" is to be run as a luncheon and tea room, yes, dinner is to be served also and supper parties in the evening—for the benefit of the league members and their friends. It's a most amusing little place, tucked away in the basement and decorated in much the same style as "Carcassonne," the restaurant which the league set up temporarily in the big kitchen of Mrs. F. B. Moran's Massachusetts avenue house, when they gave their annual bazaar and ball in the spring. Impressionistic scenes in gay colors are painted on the rough gray stone walls (stimulated stone, of course) and heavy gray moss, brought from Florida, hangs from the heavy rafters. Huge round candles stuck on rough iron standards help out the lighting. The room is remarkably cool and comfortable—and apparently the Owl specializes in delectable salads, ices and other cool and refreshing dainties. But those who prefer the open air can drift out into the garden, a quaint walled garden way with red geraniums, where additional tables have been set out. On the opening day a small orchestra was stationed in the doorway so that the music could be heard both in the garden and within.

The "coffee cave" as someone aptly dubbed the "Hoot o' the Owl," was to have been ready for business sooner, but the opening was put off for a week because a good many people were going out of town for the fourth of July holiday and because the painted furniture didn't dry as rapidly as had been expected. "We want our friends to stick to us," said Mrs. Dupuy in telling me about the postponement, "but not that way."

The Women's Press Club, by the way, is to hold its weekly luncheons at the Hoot o' the Owl for the present—beginning Thursday. This is to be a particularly interesting meeting for Miss Julia Lahrop has agreed to

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	White Tub Skirts
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